

THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official weather forecasts for to-day indicate that there will be snow, followed by rain.

Turning the vagrants loose to roam the streets unemployed is a bad investment, Messrs. Magistrates.

When T. Walton Morgan Draper is sued over a transaction of chickens, it makes an opening for the old-time inquiry, "What's in a game?"

Poor Jameson has to wait until April 21 for his trial. The original raid into the Transvaal was planned to take place just about that time.

It would be useless for us to send ships to Delagoa Bay without an understanding with Portugal that our marines might march inland over her territory.

The Sultan still declines to allow the Red Cross enter into Armenia. Perhaps we would better apply to the Czar; he seems to be master in that part of the world just now.

The news that Russia will build a new warship for every one added to England's fleet is more encouraging for the armor plate mills of America than the nations of Europe.

Kaiser Willie reminds Italy that she has "a charge to keep" and may be called for before long. This seems to hint that he knows about the change of front in the Eastern Question, and wants the Triple Alliance all ready.

The fakir's squadron seems to have been sailing to Trinidad and the Falkland Islands. Some one anxious to make the Monroe Doctrine ridiculous invented the rumors about the action of Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

If Governor Morton is anxious to prove that he isn't too old for the Presidency, he might do so by sliding down the banisters of the marble stairway in the State Capitol Building every morning until after the Republican National Convention.

By objecting to the appearance of Colonel Ingersoll before the law students of the State University of Kansas, the faculty of that institution gives the impression that it has little confidence in the prayers of the Christian Endeavorers.

The breaking of telephone and telegraph wires by the storm almost cut off Chicago from communication with the rest of the world, but the metropolis of the West doesn't mind a little thing like that. Nothing but the taking of a census of the Greater New York could disturb the serenity of the Windy City.

THE ENTERING WEDGE.

The enormity of the plot against the liberties of the people of the large cities of the State is beginning gradually to dawn upon the masses. The incautious rural, by the very bigness of their conspiracy, have imperilled it. They fancied that as the cities were delivered over to them, bound, if not gagged, they could work their will upon them. With the practical sense of acquisitiveness which always distinguishes the hayseed politicians, they struck at once at the sources of "big money." Finding the rate steadily climbing skyward, and rightly judging that the effect of this would be an early defeat at the polls, unless they could manage in some manner to mask it, they set themselves to hunt for new revenues, not caring whether or not they should rightly belong to them. As the French robber said of the trunk which he found lying by the roadside: "This ought to be mine," so they say of the large excise revenues of the five or six principal cities of the State. Those revenues "ought to be theirs," because without them their political edifice will tumble into chaos, and their occupation will be gone. So with the aid of the adroit Mr. Raines, who thinks that whatever is expedient is right, they hope to effect the capture.

Under the provisions of the Raines bill, which is just now feeling the shock of a formidable opposition that is the preliminary manifestation of the Home-Rule-for-cities crusade, a revenue of about six millions which strictly belongs to the city treasuries would be taken away from them, and handed over to the State. In one year this would serve largely to offset the \$3,000,000 allotted to canal improvement, and would enable the prudent Republican bosses to cover up the traces of their extravagance in other things. It would form an ingenious means of imposing another tax upon the dwellers in the metropolis and other large cities here by the sea without their consent, and it would be the entering wedge for a campaign in favor of the complete enslaving of the cities. Who that has any powers of observation can doubt that behind the Excise bill of the shrewd Senator Raines lie hidden other and bolder measures, to be pushed rapidly forward if it succeeds? We have heard much about the projected government by commissions for the next two years; and we shall

hear a vast deal more concerning it if the Raines bill passes.

The plain duty of every citizen who does not wish to see New York and her sister cities permanently at the mercy of the rural politicians is to work with all the effect that he can to defeat the Raines bill. The battle will be a desperate one, for the country manipulators realize that if they are defeated in this initial measure they will suffer an immense loss of prestige, and might run severe risk of complete overthrow. There is more at stake than the existence of a local excise board—the very essence of Home Rule is concerned. The State is endeavoring to assume powers over the cities to which it has no shadow of right; and if it can get them, it will be sure not to give them up when Greater New York comes. The battle must be fought now; in 1898, the epoch suggested for realizing Consolidation, it will be too late.

That the overcrowding should be so great as to subject women and children to danger of being trampled to death on the "L" platforms at Third avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street is a scandal which New York should at once do away with.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll comes out with the bold statement, "Of course prayers are never answered," just as the Christian Endeavor Society was congratulating itself that their concerted prayers for his conversion had resulted in his being snatched as a brand from the burning. This circumstance is doubtless distressing to the Christian Endeavorers, who, nevertheless, do not give up hope, believing, with Dr. Isaac Watts, that

While the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

However, considering Colonel Ingersoll's statement without regard to the Christian Endeavorers, the point is worth making that whether a prayer is answered or not depends largely upon the nature of the prayer, and, consequently, upon the intelligence of the petitioner before the Throne of Grace.

Take for instance the prayer of the Rev. G. N. Karner, who opened the session of the Assembly at Albany, yesterday, with a request for divine aid to the little statesmen there gathered. If Mr. Karner had prayed that these legislators might honestly and wisely perform their duties, his prayer would not have been answered, because the Creator does not make over the intellectuals and morals of men after they have been elected to the State Legislature.

Rev. Mr. Karner wisely turned his energies in another direction. He prayed for the success of the Cuban revolution, and that the United States might insist upon upholding the Monroe Doctrine. These are prayers that will be answered, and we congratulate the Rev. Mr. Karner upon knowing his business.

In view of the fact that Gomez has the Spaniards penned in Havana and is starving them to death, the reports which come in of Spanish victories over the revolutionists remind one of Artemus Ward's story of his fight wherein "by a sudden adroit movement he placed his left eye against the secesser's right fist."

THE SECOND STEP.

Even if the rumors that Russia has completed an offensive and defensive alliance with the decrepit and blood-stained old Ottoman Empire, and that France has cast her strength with the combination, are not at this moment true, they have probably only out-run the truth. They constitute another manner of announcing that Russia means to seize Constantinople, and permit France to take Syria, in which she already has large property interests. It was perhaps an inkling of this determination on the part of the Franco-Russian alliance which led England to draw off her fleet and send it where it could be handy to Egypt in case of the breaking out of a general European war.

Long mistress of the Mediterranean, England now finds herself, according to the confession of her own Admirals, unable to hold her proud position there, especially in view of her cruel embarrassments in other parts of the world. Russia sees an opportunity which she has too much common sense to neglect. An Empire with one-seventh of the habitable territory of the globe in her possession, she cannot see why she should not have a southern outlet for her ships of war, and so it is highly probable that she may soon take the second step, by assuming mastery with France at Constantinople, and practically getting control of the Dardanelles.

She took the first step in 1870, when she withdrew from the Treaty of Paris, and put as many warships as she pleased in the Black Sea. England foamed with rage and blustered, declaring that it was necessary to discipline Russia for an act which was, after all, essential to the maintenance of her national dignity; but she finally concluded not to make war. Europe was then shocked with the turmoil of the Franco-Prussian campaign, and Russia was not troubled. Now, after a quarter of a century, in face of a perplexed and perturbed England, and backed by France's powerful fleet, she moves again.

It would seem as if Russia could save the Armenians at once, if she has really moved as indicated in the dis-

patches. Certainly she would be held accountable for any further disorder in the much-tried province. Her duty would be to occupy it with troops, cause the immediate cessation of massacres, replace the abominable Turkish governors by her own, and welcome the succor furnished to the starving poor by all nations. But she could not occupy Constantinople, even under cover of an alliance with the Turk, without a vigorous protest from England. The lion will not see such a magnificent prize snatched from his very jaws without a roar or two. Before Gallipoli in 1878 he roared so loudly that the Russians did not lay their hands upon the beautiful Turkish capital. Would they pay as much heed to his roaring now?

If the Board of Aldermen has the right to compel the use of brakes on bicycles, why doesn't it also pass an ordinance requiring that umbrellas and canes be carried in a perpendicular position? Under the arms of pedestrians there are more dangerous than are brackless bicycles ridden by the reckless.

A NEW MUNICIPAL EDIFICE.

The subject of a municipal building in City Hall Park is revived by Assemblyman Austin's bill, authorizing the Board of Estimate and Apportionment to erect and furnish there a structure for certain city departments. The bill also empowers the removal of the old Hall of Records, or any other buildings now occupying the site. It is a thousand pities that if any edifice for city purposes is to be erected in the Park it should not be made large enough for the grouping in it of all the departments of New York's government.

The old plan of the Quadrangle, originally suggested by the Journal, can hardly be improved upon. That comprehended lofty ranges of buildings all around the Park, framing in the County Court House, and making of the present Park a magnificent courtyard, through which, under great arches in the buildings, the people could go and come as freely as they do now. Thus there could be placed on the Park, without injuring it a particle, a City Hall which would be large enough for all uses of "Greater New York" for a century to come. There would also be a chance, with this plan, of allowing some room for beauty in the construction of the building. But this argument would probably have no weight with the politicians.

So long as the vast human tides flow from Brooklyn through New York directly past the City Hall, the ideal site for a new structure for municipal purposes will be "down town" and in the Park. It will be unfortunate if this space is to be encumbered with buildings which only partly fulfill the widely felt want for a general municipal building.

Since the Board of Aldermen has been called upon to wrestle with the Heine monument question, the overworked City Fathers have concluded to ask for an increase in salary from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year for each individual member. The chief ground for the increase is that amusement comes high in New York, whether it is furnished by Yvette Guilbert, a continuous theatrical performance or the eminent city legislators.

If a new Dickens happens to arise within the next few weeks, he will find abundant material for a new novel on cruelties to children which will make "Nicholas Nickleby" pale its ineffectual fires. Mr. Pierce, the eminent manipulator of chains upon the tender limbs of young children, would furnish a capital subject for a portrait which would eclipse that of the schoolmaster Squeers. Affidavits by his victims of the way in which he used to mark up their cuticles with his whip would seem to indicate that he is an artist in the infliction of bodily suffering. The perusal of these documents will arouse a righteous indignation in the mind of every person who loves children.

The election of Anatole France to the French Academy as the successor of Ferdinand de Lesseps is a literary event of much importance. The new Academician is an author of fine and subtle talent—a prose-poet like Loti—but also a remarkable painter of the new society, as shown in his recent novel of "The Red Lily," which is unfortunately too free in certain passages to be reproduced in English. In this novel, by the way, a singular and striking portrait of Paul Verlaine is to be found. M. Anatole France has a remarkable talent for epigram. He will need it all in delivering his eulogy on M. de Lesseps, to whose remarkable career he will doubtless do full justice, giving to even the blemishes of his later years a certain charitable setting.

In addition to the distinction of being cabinet officials of the city of Brooklyn, the men whom Mayor Wurst recently named as members of his official family will also probably have the glory of being ushers at the wedding of Miss Brooklyn and Father Knickerbocker. In the list with their predecessors they will very likely be the last to be mentioned in Brooklyn history, and on them their fellow townsmen will depend to see that the interests of the city are guarded in the consolidation which now is expected. Theodore B. Willis, William Cullen Bryant and Timothy L. Woodruff are probably the best known of the new cabinet, and they are men of such success in business that Mayor Wurst can depend on them for able assistance in administering the affairs of a city which gives its chief executive greater powers than almost any other municipality in the country.

Thumbnail Sketch of David Bennett Hill.

Washington, Jan. 23.—Coke, of Texas, ended eighth years of service in the Senate the 4th of last March. Coke was a queer, heavy man, devoid of humor, and while his face betokened the slow nature back of it, there was a bulldog effect to it all. Back in Texas Coke was known as the "Bulldog of the Brazos," because of his far-sounding cries while on the stump of that region. He was very dull, very honest and talked with a lisp. Coke was once removed from the Supreme Bench of his State by General Sheridan, "as an obstacle to reconstruction," and he looked the part.

All this is made preliminary for the reason that of the Senators to meet Hill, when the latter came first to his present seat, Coke, while slow, would come nearest to voicing the general impression. This is what Coke said of Hill, after the latter had been two months in the Senate: "Hill," quoth Coke—he was talking to a newspaper man who had asked the question—"Hill, he's a strong man, Hill is. He's a mighty heap stronger than we thought. And, Hill, he's a dangerous man to meet. By nature he's a brave and desperate man. If Hill had been brought up in Texas I reckon he'd a-killed a dozen men by now."

When a new man comes to the Senate the older members try to subdue him. They make him wait if they can, and teach him that his business is to look on, be silent and learn.

They tried to do this with Hill, and they failed. Worse than all that he showed a falling ardor for Senate war, and would engage in battle with two, three and four Senators at once—the oldest long-bones in the herd, too—and claw them and rend them and tear them with such a free ferocity that they soon came to have a horror of him.

On one occasion, back in the extra session which repealed the Sherman law, Hill pulled on, of his own motion, a mixed battle, wherein he fought Harris, Morgan, Gray and Vilas at once. And he routed them.

In the extra session battle Harris tried the effect of his insolent and overbearing interruptions on Hill.

"The Senator from Tennessee," said Hill, "may save himself from trying his plantation manners on me. They are worthless in my case. Men of my sort care but little for the overseer or his whip; they are out of reach of either."

Morgan, in retorting to Hill during debate, by the way, Morgan showed much heat and irritation—said that before the Sherman law should be repealed the friends of silver would sit in the Senate and filibuster until they died at their posts.

"These threats," said Hill, with his sneer of sneers, "would be more terrible were it not that an effort of the memory takes us back to an hour in the earliest '60s, when these same gentlemen, at that time trying many rash experiments with their patriotism, made the same horrible death-in-the-last-ditch threats, and told of bloody things to occur if certain things happened to the South. Those things happened, and the negro was made free, and the South was reconstructed. Yet these same gentlemen who inveighed so doughtily and promised so bloodily, I am happy to say, are here to-day seatless, scarless, in perfect health, save for the whitening frosts of advancing age."

It was the air with which Hill said all this, more than the words, which cut, and Harris and Morgan, who provoked it, and who knew themselves perfectly described, writhed as if wounded to death.

As one bends over the gallery while Hill is speaking he sees what Coke saw. As Hill talks one is impressed by his apparent innate ferocity. He is a fighter clear through. Moreover, he is a natural knife fighter; one of the sort who does not expect to escape woundless himself, but looks to go close to the foe and come back covered with blood. As Hill speaks he makes gestures with his right hand. He doesn't use the arm far from the elbow, but with a sinister wrist movement he cuts figure eights in the air, and as he makes a point his hand is thrust suddenly forward like the head of a serpent. Altogether it is a fashion of bowie-knife fence which Hill indulges in; and it is no wonder that Coke, looking on, was driven to theories as to what he would have done in Texas.

When Hill came first to Washington he boarded at the Arlington. Whether he left orders on that point is unknown, but one day to his wrath and resentment a lady was seated at his table. He took no explanation of this disagreeable phenomenon, accepted no excuse; he went at once to the Normandie.

Lest all this history with a lady at dinner in it might repeat itself at the Normandie, Hill made them lay his table in his rooms. He went no more in the public dining room; never to the parlors. On the fourth floor his rooms were in the corner, and there while at this hotel he sedulously confined himself. Now and then the public threading the little square in front had a glimpse of Hill with his head at the corner window like a woodpecker looking out of his hole.

At all the doors of the Senate orders have been left to send no woman's card to Hill. He went receive them, nor see them. Any woman who needs a place or has business with Hill must deal by letter or agent, and must meet them under any circumstances.

They tell how one young lady, beautiful as a star, tried to see Hill. He was away. He was alone in his room. A lady of modest hesitation first sounded on the door.

"Come in," quoth Hill.

The rap sounded again and he arose and opened the door.

"I've lost the way to my room," said the pretty plotter, with an air of helplessness.

And they do say that Hill shut the door without a word in the fair face of the wanderer and didn't even direct her to the elevator.

Not a week ago a lady from Elmira, who assumed to know Hill well, told a little knot at the Shoreham a romantic story explanatory of Hill's avoidance of women.

"It was while he was Governor," said the raconteur, "and he was engaged to a Miss H., who lived in Elmira. She died, and Hill was at her deathbed. He went and married her before she died, but she would not consent. That is Hill's reason for bachelorhood; that's why no woman intrudes. He is true to the girl who died."

Hill's political origin brings in the name of Tweed. He was Tweed's Elmira man, and once ran a paper, wherein the Boss had an interest. But there's this difference between Tweed and Hill: The latter is purely honest. He is a man of ruthless and remorseless politics, but no money tempts him. Hill is as honest as a town clock.

The fact is, he cares little for money. He

has plenty, however, and his annual fees and retainers reach easily to \$50,000.

Mentally, he is a hard, clear, lucid thinker; he never misleads himself, but always looks a fact in the face. He has the one fault as a thinker of doing not a little of it back of his ears. His plans always run finally to a fight. This is in direct contrast to Gorman, for instance. Gorman plans to obtain an object direct. Hill plans to a fight; if he wins the fight he attains the object.

As a result of this instinct of combat and natural bent to fight for all he gets, Hill is distinctly a battle-axe statesman. There's nothing covert about him, however; nothing of the bushwhacker. He makes his attacks at noon, in front, and you are bound to respect while you struggle with him.

A Few Leaves from a Paper of Interest.

The very excellences of next Sunday's Journal compels and forces the announcement thereof in advance. There are such things as modesty and a spirit of moderation. It is ever the wise, as well as the graceful move, to cultivate both.

But there is also such a commodity as justice, and even exact justice. The everyday due of a public wrangle from us the confession that next Sunday's Journal is to be the best paper yet fabricated of ink and paper.

Don't let down the bars to stinging self-reproach by failing to get it. Should you miss it you will never gain your own forgiveness and your standing with your family, and your friends who hear of your failure will be much disturbed and shaken.

What are the features of this great paper?

Wan and haggard want is rolling in far Newfoundland. The people starve "mild snow and ice. It will be a work of humanity to tell their story. The Journal's special correspondent, Mrs. Kate Masterson, is on a newspaper pilgrimage among these stricken people. The desolation, the suffering of these cold and foodless folk will be told in Sunday's Journal. Read it, ye lucky rulers of three square meals a day; it will touch your sympathies, melt your hearts in pity, and withal sharpen your appetites for the cheer that's set before you.

Even clergymen have fads and hobbies, and now and then their faulty natures run to strange, fantastic pets. A New York divine is the admiring proprietor, not to say protector, of a fierce bulldog named Whist. Because he likes its society or fears it may make a jungle of this library and tear up and lay waste the servant, the preacher takes his wild beast pet to church with him every Sunday, and he has his temporary lair in the pulpit while the sermon is being pronounced.

Read of it in next Sunday's Journal.

All women will agree that a cow is a fearful animal. Still more terrible is the sombre hold of the cow's family. Yet the world holds a lady who, as a delicious and pleasant place of business, takes up her two-legged Toledo, trips into the arena and kills a savage bull and makes no more ado than if it were swallowing a gooseberry. This gifted female, one Senorita Esperienca, tells all about her bull fights and how she sends a shudder and then a shunt through the Madrid bleachers and grand stand, in Sunday's Journal, and she hints also at a tender romance as the root of all this butcher's work on her fair part.

Gretna Green was once the Mecca of lovers whom nobody wanted wedded save themselves. And the clergyman who did the knot-tying at Gretna Green, long regarded himself as the champion nuptial moulder in the world. There is a clergyman in New York who goes by the Gretna Greenier in a walk. He has roped, tied and branded with the wedding ring over 30,000 couples since he went to work on this range, and he describes the round-up as not half over. The last ceremony he performed beats likewise the record for the strange and weird, and it's a vast pity Edgar Allan Poe didn't live to write about it.

New York City has one chapter—a criminal one—written in blood. And the murderer sit in security, snapping their fingers at law, detectives and arrest. The police acknowledge themselves powerless, the courts confess their helplessness, while the courts confess, holding the law at bay, are spilling blood like water.

Next Sunday's Journal tells this tale of tragedy and crime.

And now comes a Circé from Cathay—a peach-blow witch with eyes of almond. This siren with the black and bias optics has brought within her spells some of our most blasé and society-hardened men of the world. Those whose hearts were cold, whose sensibilities were harveysted, have fallen at her feet. Life holds for them nothing more delectable than to sit at her footstool and be smitten on by this young beauty of the fields. The story of this wicked, but gorgeous chrysanthemum will be unfurled in Sunday's Journal.

And now we have the little people in the hollow of our hand. Palmer Cox's Brownies aren't in it with the tiniest husband, the tiniest wife and the tiniest baby—especially produced as an evidence of good faith—ever seen by men. And these midgits live, breathe and have their being right here in our city. Read this story to your children and watch them hold their breaths.

Were a thief to come along and deftly detach you from your watch you might hate and inveigh against him when some hours later you found out your loss. Your hatred might flame a bit higher against the robber when you discovered still later that your best friends believed that you had passed the time and place in a way which was free of it. How much more is the rascal to be detested, who, passing by mere personal property, practically steals the man himself by robbing him of his liberty. There is such a monster and his name is in the New York City directory. Already he has stolen 1,000 years of the freedom of his fellow men. This arch-robber is told of in all his black fulness in Sunday's Journal. Get the paper and thereby make next Sunday a success.

Miss Williams, professor of English at the Normal School of Severn, has founded a "French girls" club, the object of which is to make French girls who have learned English acquainted with the views of American and English women through lectures and meetings in Paris, or by correspondence. Mrs. Potter Palmer has lectured before the society on the work of women in the United States.

Since Lord Glasgow was appointed Governor-General of New Zealand, four years ago, he has been shipwrecked once, participated in two railway collisions, been thrown from a horse and tossed by a bull—and is not at all discouraged.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunn Gibson, after traveling quite extensively through Southern Europe, have settled in London for six months. Mrs. Gibson has just received from Richard Harding Davis an edition of his "Princess Alice."

It was printed especially for her, in beautiful style, with her full name in embossed gilt on the cover.

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Odd Features at the Cycle Show.

Those who love to collect bicycle literature, including directions for the cure of punctured tires, should not fail to call on Sycamore Ike, the Onondaga chief. Next to the small blond maiden who wears an electric battery down the back of her neck, Mr. Ike is one of the most original features at the Cycle Show.

He is the oldest chief of his tribe on the reservation near Syracuse, and is traveling under the auspices of a bicycle firm of that city.

Ike is nearly eighty years old, and has long since ceased to yearn for the scalp lock of the pale face. He is now engaged in the peaceful pursuit of handing out bicycle pamphlets and things to his progressive white brother. But should Mr. Ike ever take to the warpath again, he would go on a bicycle, as the ancient aborigine is a master of the wheel. So is Mr. Ike, but he does not allow the dark-red lady to wear bloomers. Her war-whoops are all he can stand, he says.

If there is anything this untutored savage admires it is the pale face ladies of New York. On the first day of the show Mr. Ike privately confessed to his employer that the women here were the prettiest he ever saw. But the wily redskin does not openly declare his passion. "He knows that he is old and fat, and that his mustache is not up to date, but at the same time Ike understands how to win a smile from the fair charmers. There may be a dozen men standing with outstretched hands waiting for pamphlets, but if a woman appears at the edge of the crowd Mr. Ike has eyes for her alone. With a profound bow he reaches far over and hands her a book, while a wide grin changes the topography of his wrinkles. Then he attends to the wants of the clamoring gentlemen.

It was at the World's Fair that Sycamore Ike learned to be a masquer. He likes this city much better than Chicago. The town by the lake is too tough, he says. "This statement, coming as it does from a savage who has no interest in either place, should carry considerable weight."

The maiden with the electric battery down her back belongs in a dark angle under the stairs in the southwest corner of the building. But she is inclined to ramble and to roam, shedding the brightness of her presence on other bicycle scenes. This feat the maiden accomplishes with the aid of a searchlight worn upon her fair young brow. The electric plant is located somewhere between her shoulder blades, and a wire, insulated in pale blue silk, leads upward and forward through her blond tresses to the lamp in front. As she walks about with her blazing optic turned full upon the startled multitude, this pretty little Cyclops causes tremendous enthusiasm, and likewise thrills.

Another girl does similar service for a rival bicycle lamp firm, but she performs her advertising act in a pair of black silk tights and a yellow pling hat. Still another girl, dressed in an able woman in a costume which advertises her shape in a manner charming to behold. The dashing manner is ship-shape from the waist up, but the rest of her is not clad in accord with the custom of the sad, soling sea. However, she is much admired as an advertising medium. The booth over which she presides is constantly surrounded by a crowd supposed to be interested in wheels.

A one-legged man, who does word painting and gauding for well-known bicycle firms, is a genius in his way, though he attracts little attention at the Cycle Show. The youth with the absent leg is Charles G. Kilpatrick, the trick rider. Five years ago Kilpatrick was unknown to fame, but during a period of great financial depression he rode a wheel from Butte City, Mont., to San Francisco, and led a pack train of three other wheels carrying his baggage. All the wheels were broke to lead. At that time Mr. Kilpatrick was just launching out as a trick and fancy rider, and his perilous trip from Butte City to his reputation. Since then he started the wheeling world by riding down the steps of the Capitol at Washington, D. C. The feat created considerable stir at the time, but Mr. Kilpatrick now admits that he was as good as dead until his machine bumped into the fence on the other side of Pennsylvania avenue. There are ninety steps, broken by three landings, in the flight, and the one-legged bicyclist lost his pedal when his wheel shot across the first landing. So he hung his lone leg on the foot rest and let her go. He says now that he wouldn't attempt the trick again for the Capitol itself.

The Jester.

It Makes Talk.

Judge Henry Howland tells the story of the embarrassed but generous-hearted young man who felt called upon to relieve the sudden cessation of drawing-room conversation, which oftentimes overtakes even the most brilliant social circles. With the blushes surrounding his cheeks he timidly turned to the daughter of the host, who was not present in the room, and uttered:

"How is yo-yo mo-mo-mother? N-not th-that I g-give a d-d-s, b-but it m-makes talk-talk." New Haven Register.

Love and Duty.

He—Your father advises me to invest my fortune in Wall Street. It would be politic, I suppose?

She—No, don't you do it! After he had won my money he'd never let me marry. Life!

Sure Sign.

"I don't know who you are, sir," said the red-haired man in the restaurant, turning to the guest with the chin whiskers, "but you're a gentleman."

"How did you find it out?" inquired the other.

"You have sat by me half an hour and haven't looked once to see what the figures are on my check." Chicago Tribune.

Enger to Please.

Mistress—Johanna, don't forget to dust the vic-a-brace.

The New Girl—No, ma'am. Where do you zap the dust? Detroit Free Press.

The Explanation.

"I've made the world go round." The world seems to go round, but love makes your head swim; that's the explanation. Boston Transcript.

Blase.

"No, mamma, said eight-year-old Mabel, "I do not think I care for my candy."

"I told you you were eating too much last night."

"I do not think it is that mamma, I fancy I am getting old." Indianapolis Journal.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

The paying-teller at the Bank of the Metropolis, on Union square, West Side, was musing during a temporary lull in business hours, and stopped long enough to say—or per-haps it was the assistant paying-teller: "They say that actors and musicians have little knowledge of the ways of business, that they are unsophisticated and shiftless; but I can't say that. I never know or heard of a case (we certainly don't